LEARN ONE THING EVERY DAY

JUNE 1 1920

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THE MENTOR

NOVA SCOTIA

By
RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY AND TRAVEL

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THE PICTURESQUE PROVINCE

NO part of the entire peninsula of Nova Scotia is more than thirty miles from the sea. The surface of the country is undulating, though not mountainous, the highest ridge not being 1,200 feet in height. The picturesqueness of the Province is chiefly attributable to its numerous and beautiful lakes, its harbors dotted with islands, its rivers and streams, and a pleasing variety of highland and valley. The seaward coast of the Province has been likened to a granite wall, indented by innumerable bays, fiords, and inlets. Wide and sandy beaches sweep gradually towards the firm soil, from headland to headland; quaint and quiet fishing villages and hamlets underlie the rocks, sentineled by countless islands along the coast.

If the Atlantic shore is seemingly sterile and iron-bound, it is far otherwise with the interior. The peach and the grape ripen in the open air, and the growth of maize and root crops might well excite the envy of a farmer in Perthshire or Elgin. Where the surface is not fertile, the riches are beneath, in the form of coal, iron, gypsum, and other minerals (including gold). Then when we get on the "Fundy side" of the peninsula, we meet the broad alluvial plains, intersected by tortuous rivers. This is the land of the monstrous Fundy tides, whose high-mounting, foaming "bore," or tidal wave, sweeps irresistibly shoreward, making the smallest creeks fill like turbulent rivers, but met and baffled along the low-lying shore by the dikes that were first reared by the Norman peasants three centuries ago, reclaiming the rich marshland from the salt tide. Here is situated, too, that "hundred miles of apple blossoms," otherwise known as the Annapolis Valley, sheltered between the North and South Mountains, and the famous marshes of Tantramar.

"Every town, every county," remarks a Nova Scotia writer, "cherishes traditions of its old families, its first settlers; of the adventurous sea-captain, whose life reads like one of Smollett's novels; the man who settled half a county; the founder of the first academy; the loyalist who lost all for his flag." There is no province in Canada where memories of the past are sweeter, where yesterday has a magic that today can never impart.

From "Nova Scotia," by Beckles Willson.

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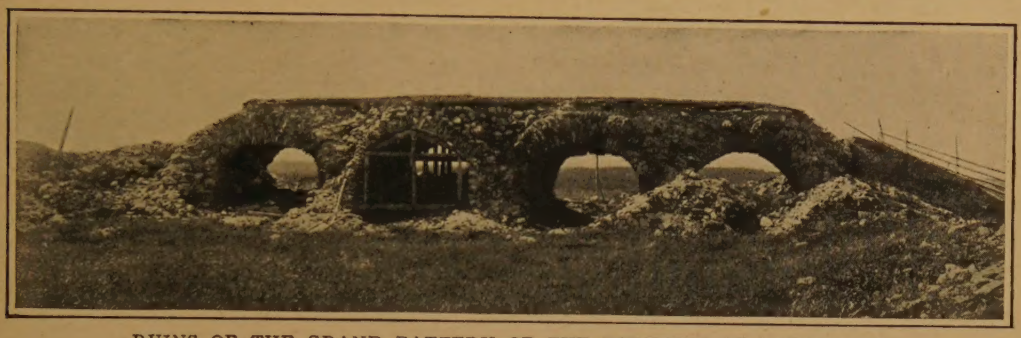

RUINS OF THE GRAND BATTERY OF THE FORTRESS OF LOUISBOURG
Erected in 1720 by the French on the coast of Cape Breton (25 miles from Sydney). Destroyed by the English in 1758

NOVA SCOTIA

By RUTH KEDZIE WOOD, *Author and Traveler*

MENTOR GRAVURES

FORT ANNE, ANNAPOLIS · THE WILLOWS OF GRAND PRÉ · LAKE BRAS D'OR
DIGBY BASIN · IN THE HEART OF NOVA SCOTIA · BIRTHPLACE OF JUDGE HALIBURTON

IF you would read history that is romance, and poetry that is history, turn back the yellowed pages of the story of Nova Scotia. Nowhere are legend and fact more closely united; nowhere have tradition and history a fairer foothold than on the oddly-contoured peninsula that swings so sturdily out from the continent to meet the westward waves. On crest and harbor edge, island and prairie, we who run the length and breadth of this ancient haunt of romance may read the epic of discovery; the hardihood of medieval sea-fishers; the heroism of the first home-makers north of the Gulf of Mexico; the ceaseless struggle of savages against white men, of French against English; the dispersion of the Acadian farm-folk, whose tale Longfellow has told in immortal measure.

The land, so richly dowered with memories of brave deeds and stirring episodes, shares its history with the sea. It opens for the ocean's ingress numberless harbor mouths, and lures the deep to its very heart. Except for a narrow span connecting the "mayflower province" with New Brunswick and the continent, Nova Scotia would be, not a peninsula, but an island, three hundred and sixty miles long, with a nearly uniform width of sixty-five miles. Cape Breton, which is not a promontory, but gets its name from one, has become a pair of islands, instead of a single sea-lapped entity, by the cutting of a short canal at St. Peter's, on the

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THE MOUTH OF THE GASPEREAU RIVER

About a mile below the village of Grand Pré. Here the evicted Acadians were placed on board vessels that carried them away from their native meadows in the fall and winter of 1755. Longfellow placed the cottage of "Evangeline" near this point

southern shore. At the center of the "Isle of the Cape," which forms the upper part of the province, a huge, many-armed bay is set like a radiant blue jewel amid the prongs of out-thrust woods and pastures.

A Thousand Years Ago

One of the first land-falls achieved by doughty Icelanders was the coast of Nova Scotia. Said Leif, son of Eric Red of Brattahild, when he looked upon this strand in the year 1000, "We shall give it a name according to its kind;" and called it "Markland," meaning woodland.

Five centuries went by, during which no venturous sail loomed off the sandy shores of the aboriginal domain. Columbus' flotilla sailed to the south; he saw not even the edge of the continent. Cabot put foot on Norse-named Markland, and claimed it for England. A century of discovery and exploration followed in his wake, and an increasing number of mariners—French, English, Portuguese—carried to Europe reports of the amazing wealth of the fisheries off the new-found continent. The banks off Markland—known to seafarers of the sixteenth century as the "Land of the Bretons"—were alive with fishing-boats, seeking cod.

The Micmac Indians, of Algonquin stock, found this part of the continent so plentifully endowed that they bestowed a name signifying admiration—*Akade*, "a place that is good," or, freely translated, "a land of plenty." In their language, *wobe-akade* meant—still means—"a place where swans abound"; *segubun-akade*, "ground-nut place." When the French arrived they adopted as the name of the whole peninsula, and a portion of the continent to the west, the Indian term, which they spelled "*Acadie*." The place of the ground-nuts became "Shubenacadie," and so remains, like many another French name given three centuries ago. The immigrants that tilled the farmlands were called "Acadians," and this name, which suggests so much of romance, clings to those of French descent who dwell in great numbers to this day within the bounds of Nova Scotia.

NOVA SCOTIA

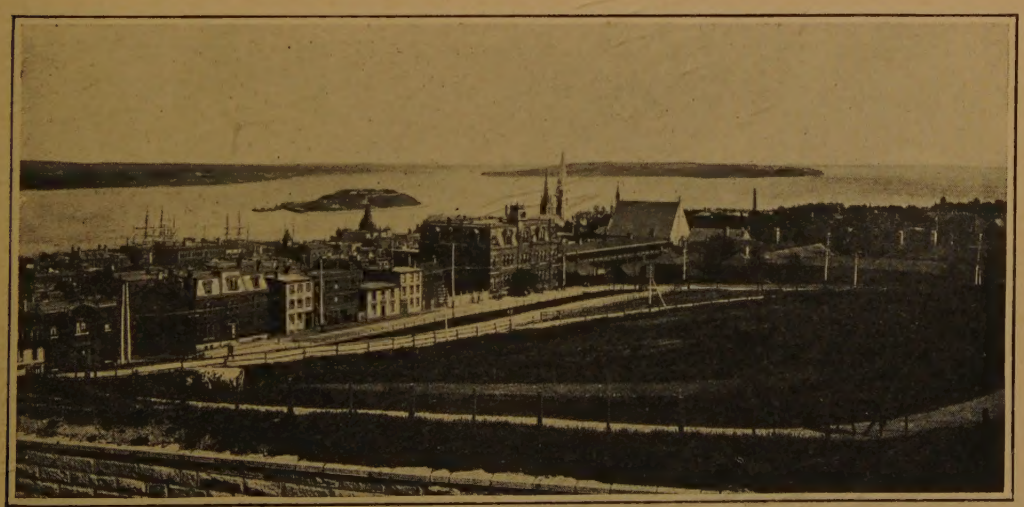
Not only was the coast of Nova Scotia one of the first to be discovered on the continent, but her inland shores were, with one exception, the first in North America to give shelter to white men.* It was in 1605 that Sieur de Monts (monz) and his compatriots, having abandoned a winter camp on an island at the mouth of the St. Croix River, laid out a village guarded by an island fort, about six miles from the present site of Annapolis. In 1643 a fort was erected further up the shore of Annapolis Basin, and about it grew a French settlement. The village and fort of Port Royal were absorbed by the British in 1710, and renamed in honor of Queen Anne.

Nova Scotia came by the fifth of its names when the French had been temporarily dispossessed of their lands, and Sir William Alexander had secured from his king, in 1621, the right to colonize the peninsula. As there had been a New France, a New Spain, and a New England, so the aspiring Scotch desired to affix upon the maps of the coveted territory the name, New Scotland, or, in the Latin of the original charter, *Nova Scotia.*

PROVINCIAL BUILDING, HALIFAX

Completed in 1818, it contains the Legislative Halls, a rare old library, and portraits of celebrated Nova Scotians by Joshua Reynolds and Benjamin West. In the adjoining yard is a memorial statue of Joseph Howe, a predominating figure in Provincial history

The French, crowded out of Acadia, ruled as lords of Cape Breton, the "Royal Isle," until the downfall in 1758 of the "Gibraltar of America," the supposedly unconquerable fortress of Louisbourg. Nova Scotia and Cape Breton were definitively reunited in 1820, and in 1867 they became, unwillingly be it said, a part of the Confederation of Canada.



HALIFAX HARBOR FROM CITADEL HILL

*The site of St. Augustine, Florida, was chosen by Menendez in 1565.

Halifax, the Capital

One of the most enduring things the British accomplished in Nova Scotia was the founding, in 1749, of the garrison city of Halifax. Even then, the armored heights of the capital warned off menacing French and Indians. When Charles Dickens sailed into the imposing harbor of Halifax a century later, en route to Boston, he looked, as may we, "on a town built on the side of a hill, the highest point being commanded by a strong fortress." Since the catastrophe of 1917, which swept clear whole sections of drab wooden buildings, Halifax has donned a more becoming dress. Rows of dingy, down-at-heel streets have been supplanted by brighter, more substantial thoroughfares. Halifax and its friends are cheered by the change. A century ago, when he was contributing the "Sayings of Sam Slick" to Joe Howe's *Nova Scotian*, Judge Haliburton alluded to the capital as "a modern wooden ruin." A generation later, Charles Dudley Warner naïvely described it as "a city of great private virtue, whose banks are sound." The air of decorum somewhat oppressively worn by the gray old city, "warden of the honour of the North," is relieved by the scarlet coats and jaunty caps of regular-army Canadians from the garrison.

THE WELL AND THE WILLOWS
All that remains of the French village of Grand Pré, put to the torch by Winslow's order

The hilly streets of Halifax are so many steps leading to the citadel. From this commanding summit there is a famous view of historic Dartmouth; of the harbor and its fortified islands; of North West Arm and Bedford Basin—the encircling inlets whose wooded charms, like those of Pleasant Park, go far to offset a lack in municipal beauty. On the borders of a suburb there is a green acre where rows of nameless headstones mark the resting-place of unidentified victims of the *Titanic* disaster, brought hither by rescue ships. A vast modern work has been completed on the waterfront by the national Government at a cost of $20,000,000. New piers, quays and terminals—marine and rail—affect traffic conditions in the city and province, and in the country at large. Halifax is the Atlantic port of the transcontinental line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The road connecting the seaboard with what was then called Upper and Lower Canada was laid in the early seventies. When summoned to surrender their rights as a seclusive and individual government, and join the Confederation, the Nova Scotians demanded this concession as a recompense. In

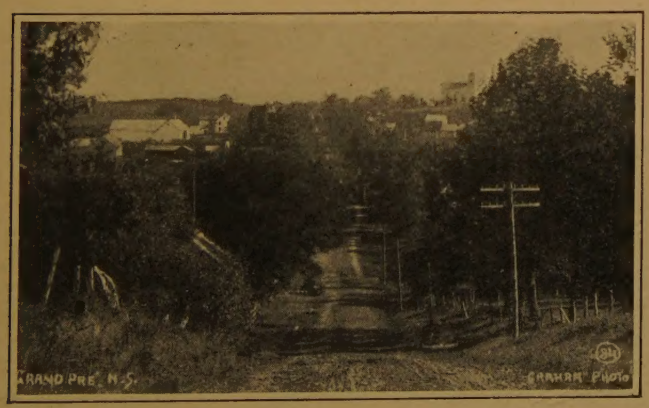
their protest against the Act that united eastern and central Canada, the people were led by the greatest of Haligonians, Joe Howe, orator, journalist and patriot, whose name is a tradition throughout province and Dominion.

THE CHURCH OF THE COVENANTERS
Grand Pré. Erected over a hundred years ago on the edge of an apple orchard

The Tides of Fundy

At the town of Windsor, on the banks of the "inconstant Avon," we enter the realm of the Fundy tides. The Avon River drains into Minas Basin, an arm of the Bay of Fundy. Two hundred miles distant from the mouth of the notorious inlet, the river rises twice a day forty to fifty feet, and, ebbing, leaves the bed exposed—a crimson gash that only the returning tide can close. From Yarmouth to Truro, Nova Scotia, and Moncton, New Brunswick, the "fluvial bore" provides alternating scenes of plenty and desolation. As an American humorist remarked on the occasion of a visit about half a century back, "The Avon would have been a charming river if there had been a drop of water in it. I never knew before how much water adds to a river."

Looking at a map of the Bay, it is easy to understand the cause of the enormous rise and fall of the double tides of Fundy. Every twelve hours the Atlantic tide sets from Cape Sable, at the southeastermost point of the peninsula, and invades the broad-mouthed Bay at the rate of two to three miles an hour. Pouring through a portal sixty miles wide, the vast body of water forces its way through a passage that gradually contracts in width and, at the upper end, divides into two narrow arms: Chignecto Bay and Minas Channel and Basin. So swift is the rush of the tidal flood that boys digging bait on the ruddy bed of tide-deserted streams are often perched high on a pier, an hour or two later, angling for sea trout.



THE PRESENT-DAY VILLAGE OF GRAND PRÉ
Occupied by people of English and Scotch ancestry

ON THE BANKS OF LAKE KEDGEMAKOOGEE

Distant 35 miles by motor-road from Annapolis

Besides its tides and its ruined fort, an English stronghold during the struggle for the Minas country, Windsor has distinction as the birthplace of Thomas Haliburton, whose position as "the first American humorist" has been sustained by critics of both hemispheres. As a youth, the author of "Sam Slick the Clockmaker" attended King's College, which received its charter from George the Third. Founded in Windsor in 1794, this is the oldest university in the British colonies. Many of its alumni have filled honorable positions in the Dominion and Empire. In February, 1920, the venerable seat of learning suffered the loss by fire of most of the buildings that had for so long occupied the shady height above the town.

The Acadian Prairie-Land

As we continue along the Minas shore, we gaze on fields from which mists of memory rise, like exhalations of a phantom past. At Horton's Landing we search the level marshland for the roof "with oaken beams" that sheltered the girl Evangeline. In the cove, watched by a single tree, we see in imagination grim ships riding the tide; hear

"Voices of women and of men, and the crying of children
The stir and noise of embarking."

The road followed by the banished Acadians leads back over a rise to the meadow that for all time will remain a place apart, fenced in, made sacrosanct, by the magic lines of Longfellow. The village he described vanished a century and a half ago. The field by the roadside is empty now, except for the crooked French willows that marked the edge of the settlement and the well that served the householders of Grand Pré. But we can still trace the outline of the Chapel of St. Charles, where fathers and sons were detained on that sorry day in September, 1755. Search discloses, also, the foundation of the priest's house, in which Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow stayed while he carried out the orders despatched from Boston by his superior officer. General Lawrence commanded that the whole country be cleared of the Neutrals, and that they be "placed on vessels assembled in the Basin of Minas" and sent to the various American colonies to whom allotments of them had been assigned. If the Acadians resisted, Winslow was not only to compel them to embark, but was to deprive "those who shall escape of all means of shelter or support, by burning their houses, and destroying everything that may afford them the means of subsistence in the country."* When Winslow had executed the business of assembling the Acadian

A CANOE "CARRY" OR PORTAGE

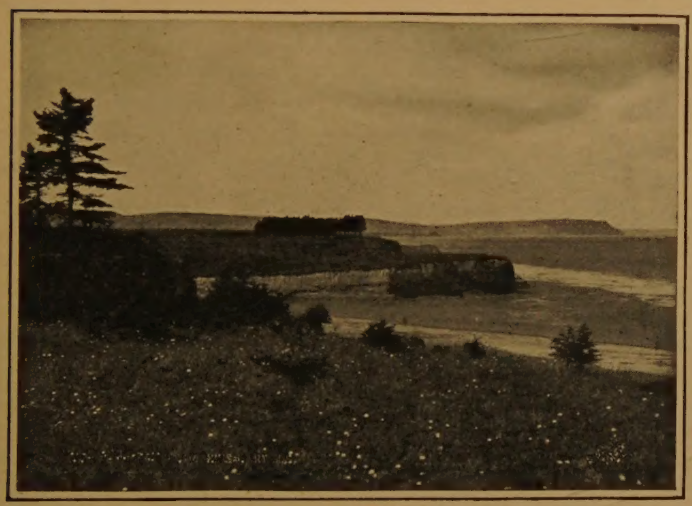
In the interior of the peninsula

*From the original orders and correspondence relative to the removal of the Neutral French from Nova Scotia, Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Boston.

inhabitants of the Districts of Minas and Annapolis Royal, they were to be shipped away at the rate of "two persons to each ton." Lawrence addressed letters to governors of the Atlantic and Southern colonies, urging them to dispose of their allotments of exiles "in such manner as may best answer in preventing their reunion."

Beneath the boughs of the village trees met in daily intercourse a people "doomed to be snatched from the hearth and dispersed to the four winds." If sod and willows might speak! Here the Acadian *habitants*, "a simple and ignorant peasantry, industrious and frugal, having few wants and those of the rudest," gathered to exchange warnings of Indian raids; to whisper on a winter day of the massacre of English soldiers quartered in Grand Pré; to rehearse the counsels of the priest concerning the Neutrals' behavior toward the English, toward the French; to ponder oft-times upon the meaning of mysterious movements of the troops of their oppressors. Those were years of complexity. Little wonder that the sum of their confusion was disaster.

After the Acadians were expelled, their lands were taken over by English and Scotch settlers. and a village rose above the plain, the first village having been destroyed by fire. Prim cottages now climb the road from the railway station of Grand Pré between tall rows of Normandy poplars. At the top of the hill is a century-old Covenanter church. Its spire surveys the prairie, two miles wide by three miles long, which French artisans reclaimed by draining the sea water and raising dikes composed of tree trunks crossed lattice-wise and stopped with clay. The meadows behind the dikes yield three to four tons of hay to the acre, and, at the harvest, are dotted by curious ricks, raised high above an accident of tide.



CAPE BLOMIDON
As it looks from the Kingsport side of Minas Basin

Mounting toward Wolfville, we look down upon ranks of apple trees, entwined by the silver length of the "stilly Gaspereau," and offset by squares of green and yellow fields, spotted with white houses and spacious barns—a view peculiarly Nova Scotian in its tranquil plenitude. Most visitors to the Land of Evangeline make their headquarters at one or the other of the pleasant inns of Wolfville, and drive through the valley, or by way of Evangeline Beach, to Grand Pré. One of the first students to enroll at Acadia University, in Wolfville, was Charles Tupper, once apprenticed to the village cobbler, and afterwards hailed as the founder of the Canadian Dominion.

A road second only to the Grand Pré drive for vistas of pastoral beauty winds out through Kentville and Canning, or by way of the orchards of Starr's Point, and ascends the slope of "North Mountain." The beauty of the prospect from the top of this elongated barrier, that stretches without interruption from Blomidon to Digby, is beyond exaggeration. Six rivers contribute the opulence of their valleys; from a tower on the edge of "Look-Off" we see into five counties. Beyond the radiant floor of the Cornwallis Valley is the wide blue haze of Minas water, and the red buttress of Cape Blomidon—a promontory charged with glowing crystals, and with legends of Glooscap, god of the Micmacs, whose might shaped Blomidon, where his dwelling-

CHETICAMP HARBOR

A fishing port on the northwest shore of Cape Breton Island. Here most of the settlers are of Acadian descent

place was. A little steamer crosses according to the tide, each day at a different hour, from Wolfville and Kingsport to Parrsboro. Partridge Island, like Blomidon, is renowned for its lashing tides, its stores of semi-precious stones, and deeds of Glooscap. The "back country" of this remote region is rich in coal mines and forests, and forms the widest part of the Nova Scotia peninsula.

Storied Annapolis

If you would hear quaint tales of gay doings in the stockade of Port Royal, when the Knights of the Order of Good Times held sway, of thrilling attack and repulse that stirred this country-side a century and a half before the American Revolution, linger awhile in Annapolis, at the shrine of Canada. Romance you will find, too, buried in the graveyard nestled against the outworks of Fort Anne, where lies Gregoria Reiez, a Spanish girl, who was for awhile beloved by the Duke of Wellington. More than one cupboard—ah, those Annapolis cupboards, overflowing with precious wares! —boasts a piece of glass or silver that served the Iron Duke when he dined with his favorite in her fine London house.

Annapolis is a convenient starting-point for excursions into the lake-strewn wilderness of central Nova Scotia. Kedgemakoogee, Rossignol, Ponhook, Maligeak and Sherbrooke are the largest lakes, but there are others too numerous to count, and nearly everyone is the source of a creek or a river.

Digby and its neighbor towns on Annapolis Basin and St. Mary Bay, sheltered from the Bay of Fundy by North Mountain and Digby Neck, are chiefly engaged in deep-sea fishing. Raising cherries and making things pleasant for summer visitors are secondary occupations. Thousands of tons of fish are cured every year on the Digby "flakes." Through the gap in North Mountain, called in inelegant Nova Scotian, Digby Gut, the *Acadie* found her way considerably over three centuries ago, bearing the founders of French power in North America.

On the shores of St. Mary Bay, and most populously in the communal territory of Clare, live the descendants of Acadians "who wandered back to their native land" when peace reigned again in Nova Scotia, at the signing of the Treaty of Paris (1763). One hears in the Clare District the French accent of the seventeenth century, and forms of speech long obsolete in France. The Acadians of Clare and the Pubnico region, east of Yarmouth, are a serious, unemotional race, who live their lives quite apart from neighbors of Scotch and English ancestry. Only the priest is addressed as "Monsieur"; all others in the village are known by their Christian names. The men farm, fish, build boats. The women keep their plain little houses clean, and help in the gardens. They wear a black kerchief on the head, which gives them a rather dolorous appearance. Their songs, their poems and their

books frequently refer to the banishment of the Acadians, and their wanderings in "the land of strangers."

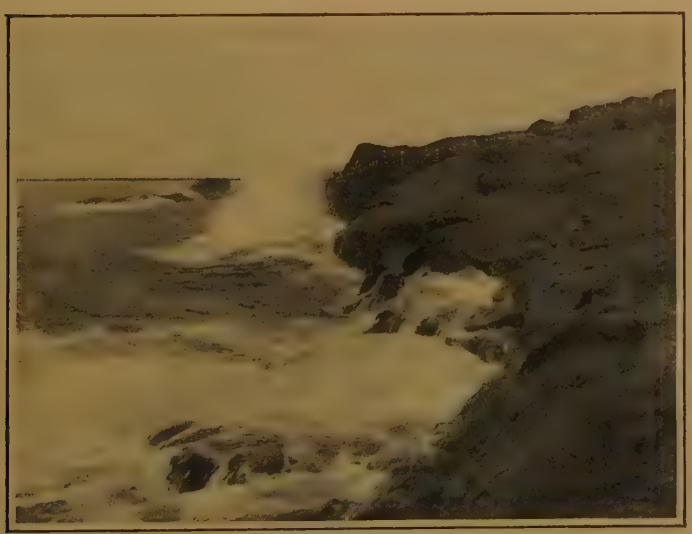
ACADIAN WOMEN

Church Point, District of Clare, near Weymouth. Their ancestors were among those that returned to Nova Scotia after the exile, about the year 1763

Yarmouth and the East Coast

Yarmouth has an English flavor, explained by its shipping, its ship-building industries, its colony of ship captains, and the hawthorne hedges that inclose lawns, green as England's. Lumber and lobsters and millions of "pounds" of sail duck are the town's most profitable exports. One of the most inviting places of southeast Nova Scotia is the old town of Shelburne, originally settled in 1783 by Tory refugees from the Thirteen Colonies. To the north is Port Mouton, the first harbor entered by De Monts, Champlain and their companions in 1604. Liverpool, founded on Plymouth Rock stock, is a base for the gold-mining region of the interior. Gold was first discovered by a moose-hunter in the early sixties. There are now more than twenty-five mines in operation, most of them in the upper part of the peninsula.

Bridgewater, a comely town with a most likeable disposition, presides over the country watered by the historic La Have River. Nearby, on the coast, is Lunenberg, the home port of dozens of big fishing schooners. It is also the center of a revived flax and wool-weaving industry, inaugurated by descendants of Hanoverian colonists who took up a grant here in 1751. Not to be outdone by other communities on the North American coast, Chester folk assert the presence of a treasure pit on an island four miles out in the harbor, which was chosen by "that estimable scoundrel," Captain Kidd, for the concealment of plunder.



THE COAST NEAR YARMOUTH

Southern Nova Scotia

Traversing a region beautified by the great sea bays of Mahone and St. Margaret, and by the verdant height of Aspotogan, we come again to Halifax. The coast above the capital is deeply fringed with tiny harbors, whose communication with the world is entirely by water. The railroad takes its way far to the west and goes by Truro and New Glasgow —diverging to Pictou, with a story all its own—by the leafy village of Antigonish, dignified by the towers of a Scotch Catholic college, and through "the finest diversified farm country in Nova Scotia" to the Strait of Canso.

Across this channel, which links the Atlantic with the lower Gulf of St. Lawrence, is a very poem of an island, with a unique and engaging history.

THE VALE OF THE MARGAREE RIVER

Cape Breton. The Margaree and its forks are famous for their salmon pools

Cape Breton Island

Cape Breton Island was first mentioned in the narrative of Sylvester Nyet, a master mariner of Bristol, who visited and wrote a description of America in 1594. A hundred years later a French commissary inscribed flowery pages in praise of this "very beautiful island on the coast of Acadie." Indeed, Cape Breton is all one could ask of an island—and more than most of us would think to ask. Mortals would have deemed it enough to grant purple highlands and lush vales, deep gorges musical with the speech of rivers, and villages unspoiled as the field flowers that grow in these wild upland gardens. Enough to have bulwarked the coast with brilliant-hued headlands that rise sheer above ocean and gulf; to have scalloped the seashore with such harbors as Sydney Bay, the Bay of St. Ann, Ingonish, sentineled by sea-misted Cape Smoky, Aspy Bay, and the great bight of St. Lawrence that hollows out the uppermost tip of the island. But a gift beyond these Nature bestowed on this exceptional island. Opening the coast a little, a few miles above the city of Sydney, she let the ocean in, let it "ramify the interior, running away into lovely bays and lagoons, leaving slender tongues of land and picturesque islands, and bringing into the recesses of the land, to the remote farms and settlements the flavor of salt and the fish and mollusks of the briny sea."

THE HARBOR OF INGONISH

On the Atlantic Coast of Cape Breton

The most celebrated village in Cape Breton, thanks to the pen of Charles Dudley Warner, is Baddeck. The "clean-looking village of white wooden houses" lies on a distant inlet of Lake Bras d'Or (brah dore), the sea within an island which, originally, the French probably called *Bras d'Eau* (arm of water). You go to Baddeck expecting to

find it a little different from any place in Nova Scotia, or in Canada, or on the continent, and are not disappointed. Baddeck has an air. You are conscious of it, but you can't define it—any more than you can define the perfection of the Bras d'Or climate, or understand the stern old gentlemen that gather in tight little knots to discuss—whatever it is Baddeck discusses . . . crops, or "the fishing," or last Sunday's sermon,—all in Gaelic.

On the outer edge of the island there are other Scotch villages where customs long since discarded in Old Scotland are still observed; where an auto-machine of any kind is still a matter of curiosity to guttural groups of Big Johns and Rodericks. Huge men they are, these Cape Breton crofters. The "Argyll Highlanders," a body of militia from Inverness County, have an average height of nearly six feet, and ninety-eight per cent. of them speak Gaelic.

In hospitable communities far to the north of the coal fields of Inverness and the beauteous valley of the Margaree River, French—of a sort—is the familiar speech in cottage and store. The spinning wheel is a domestic implement in daily employ; floors are covered with "hooked rugs"; the inhabitants dance and marry in the Acadian way; and a tremendous church is always the most prominent object on the horizon.

One would prefer to dream a little longer on the Margaree, or on the remote shores of Cheticamp and Grand Etang harbors; but there is a very practical visit to be paid on the other side of the island, to the coal mines of Sydney harbor. Four million tons are taken annually from the Sydney beds. The metropolis of Cape Breton is a super-Pittsburgh: it mines its own coal, manufactures immense quantities of iron and steel, and has, besides, a harbor of superb dimensions from which to ship its products.

"A splendid country," say we with Sam Slick. "The Lord never made the beat of it. . . . Indented everywhere with harbors, surrounded with fisheries, prime land above, one vast mineral bed beneath, and a climate over all temperate, pleasant and healthy. If that ain't enough for one place, it's a pity—that's all."

WHEN THE FUNDY TIDE COMES IN

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

NOVA SCOTIA*	*By Beckles Willson*
THE TOURIST'S MARITIME PROVINCES	*By Ruth Kedzie Wood*
DOWN NORTH AND UP ALONG	*By Margaret Morley*
EVANGELINE	*By Henry W. Longfellow*
BADDECK, AND THAT SORT OF THING	*By Charles Dudley Warner*

* Out of print, but may be found in libraries.

**Information concerning the above books may be had on application to the Editor of The Mentor.

NOVA SCOTIA MAP

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ONE

IF runes and sagas and the statements of Icelandic scholars be accepted as proof, the first European to see the shores of North America was Bjarni (byar-nee), a young merchant, who, in seeking Greenland, got out of his course and sailed to the south—some say as far as the Massachusetts shore, and then north past Nova Scotia, and so to Greenland. This wandering, history-making voyage, in the year 986, was succeeded by the discoveries of Leif, son of Eric the Red, who purchased Bjarni's ship. Accompanied by thirty-five hardy Northlanders, he came to a vast barren land and a great rugged island strewn with boulders, and called these adjacent shores, "the Land of Flat Stones." Turning his prows to the south, away from Labrador and Newfoundland, Leif Ericson came in sight of a wooded coast, with level sandy beaches, and there disembarked. A thirteenth-century tale by an Icelandic bard relates the story of this landing on the western border of the land to be known later as Nova Scotia—a country good to look upon, which Leif named Markland, "the wooded country." A landing-place further south, probably near Nantucket Island, he named "Vinland the Good," because Nature had bestowed upon it a wealth of grape-vines.

When Columbus visited Iceland in 1477, he had access to records of exploration that confirmed his belief in the existence of a western continent. Before he crossed the seas, French adventurers had nosed in and out of rock-guarded bays on the hilly island of Cape Breton, in the northeastern part of the present province of Nova Scotia. In 1498 the two Cabots, father and son, and in 1500 the brothers Cortoreal, slave-hunting navigators from Portugal, explored the coast. John Cabot laid claim, broad-handedly, to the whole of the continent, in the name of Henry IV of England. Verrazzano acquainted himself with the "Bretones' Country" as early as 1524. Map-makers of the sixteenth century designated Newfoundland, Cape Breton Island and the mainland of Nova Scotia (until 1784 the colony included the territory now called New Brunswick) as the "Cod Lands," because schools of codfish were found in such great numbers off their shores.

The Atlantic provinces of the primitive area first named "Kannatha," then "Canada," were for a long time frequented only by fishermen. The French were unsuccessful in their plans for the settlement of this part of the North American continent until the arrival in Acadie, or Acadia, of the company headed by Lord de Monts, Samuel Champlain, Baron de Poutrincourt, and other gallant gentlemen, who sailed from Havre, France, March 7, 1604. Their enterprise, named by historians of the day "the most courageous of all those undertaken by the French in the New Lands," resulted in the founding, in 1605, of the colony of Port Royal, near the present site of the very old town of Annapolis. The *Acadie* was the first of many ships that brought citizens of France to people this smiling country. Diligent as explorers, discreet and forehanded as colonizers, the sponsors of the settlement on the banks of *le port royal* made friends with the Indians, furthered industry, agriculture and trade, and enhanced the contentment and prosperity of all those under their direction.

The peace of Acadia was disrupted by the jealous invasion of the British, who sailed up from Jamestown, Virginia, (settled two years after Port Royal), leveled the fort and drove out the French colonists. Scottish farmers took ship for North America, having been granted lands extending between New England and Newfoundland, "to be held as a part of the Kingdom of Scotland." Sir William Alexander, as Lieutenant-General of the colony, founded New Scotland, or, in the Latin of the charter granted 1621 by James the Sixth of Scotland, *Nova Scotia*. In the publicity literature issued by the colonial executive to influence settlers, he truthfully described the country as possessing "very delicate meadowes," "roses white and red," and "very good fat earth."

For a decade, during British occupation, the French lived in the woods, existing under precarious and disheartening conditions. In 1632 their stoical faith and perseverance were rewarded. Charles the First of England ceded the broad acres bounded by the Atlantic and the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence to France. But for many years after the founding of Port Royal, Acadia "was merely a pawn on the great chess-board of European diplomacy." Alternately, Acadia became Nova Scotia, and Nova Scotia, Acadia, until in the year 1713 the mainland was definitely assigned to the British. France remained master of the Island of Cape Breton until half a century later.

The story of Louisbourg, twice besieged, the establishment of Halifax as the capital of the province, and the eviction of the Acadians, are high lights in the history of eighteenth-century Nova Scotia. By the year 1800, the interior of the peninsula and its indented shores supported a population of about twenty thousand settlers, from Old Scotland and from Old and New England.

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THE sturdy French farmers of Acadia were a practical folk, and possessed of an epic capacity to endure hardship and withstand discouragements. These settlers, who came from the low-lying coast of Brittany, soon felt at home among the marshy fields surrounding the Basins of Annapolis and Minas. Early in the eighteenth century these industrious peasants were to be found diking their meadows against the inroads of the sea and cultivating the fields, from the Annapolis Valley northward along the shores of the Bay of Fundy. The chief town of the prosperous district bordering Minas Basin, an arm of Fundy, was Grand Pré, situated about fifty miles west of Halifax.

The Treaty of Utrecht gave the territory of Acadia to the British in 1713. The French inhabitants that remained in the peninsula were repeatedly accused of conniving against their over-lords and spying, though the descendants of the original colonists protested that they were a peace-loving people, who desired only to be permitted to maintain a neutral attitude and secure themselves against the necessity of bearing arms against France, intermittently at war with Britain. After a lapse of several years they were persuaded to pledge themselves "to do no hostile act against the right of His Majesty while in his dominion." The Acadians, or Neutrals, as they were now called, would have renounced their well-nurtured lands and left the country rather than fight against French troops. But Phipps, who in 1720 was Governor of Nova Scotia, objected to such an exodus, declaring, "We need them to erect our fortifications and to provision our forts till the English are powerful enough of themselves to go on." Twenty years later a British official avowed, "Without the neutrality of the Acadians, this province would have been lost (to the English)." When France and England were at war in 1744, the Acadians steadfastly refused to aid their countrymen, in spite of threats and perils. Yet too frequently in the annals of that stressful period we read that individual deceit and treachery were charged against an entire community, with the result that the innocent were persistently misjudged and persecuted. More than once the Acadians expressed their desire to leave the country, but permission was always refused unless they agreed to take none of their belongings with them.

The Governors of Massachusetts and Nova Scotia were of one mind as to the necessity of driving the French from North America, if peace were ever to be permanently established. Ten years after the first siege of Louisbourg, the great fortification on the Atlantic side of Cape Breton, all the Acadian inhabitants of the province of Nova Scotia were commanded to surrender their weapons to British military chiefs. For a generation they had refused to take the oath of allegiance to the flag of France's enemy. "Their homes were their all, and they bore insult and indignity in a vain hope that the time would come when they would be finally secure on the lands their fathers had taken from the sea, and made beautiful and rich beyond any other in America."

Lawrence and his aides were unable to break the resolution of the Acadians not to take oath to fight the King of France in defence of the King of Britain. Late in the summer of 1755 it was arranged that the descendants of the immigrants occupying the Minas dike-lands and fair acres to the south should be expelled by force of arms. The odor of burdened apple-trees was in the air; the fields surrounding the village of Grand Pré were ripe with grain. In the doorways of the little houses that filed over the hill the women of Grand Pré, in kirtle and bonnet, were busy with distaff and needle. The men were in the fields, or in some nearby woodland loading ox-wains with fuel for the hearth. There had been rumors of some new activity on the part of the Government. But the villagers were bred to alarms and affronts. Even the arrival of ships carrying soldiers did not forewarn them of the devastating disaster about to fall. On September 5th, the men of the district were summoned to the church to hear the edict that was forever to deprive them of their holdings, and banish them from the home of their forefathers.

Quickly the message was borne to distant settlements: goods must be prepared for departure to a strange land, of which none of the exiled knew aught but the name.

". . . Spread in the village the tidings of ill, and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house the women and children."

The evicted, to the number of 5,788 out of a population of 9,200, were embarked on ships at the mouth of the placid Gaspereau, and by Christmas nearly all had been transported to the colonies. Some escaped, like wild birds fleeing their beaters, to primitive parts of eastern Canada, to the West Indies, and to France. When England and France made peace in 1763, a number of the exiles returned to live on the shores of southern Nova Scotia. There most of the present-day population of 150,000 Acadians dwell at peace, a nation within a nation, loyal, diligent, ambitious, and well esteemed.

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WHEN the first Duke of Newcastle, Prime Minister of England, received the report that "Cape Breton," a possession of the King, was not merely a headland, but a considerable territory, he cried out in amazement, "Cape Breton an island! Wonderful! Show it me on the map. So it is! Sure enough. My dear sir," addressing a courtier, "you always bring us good news. I must go and tell the King that Cape Breton is an island."

Fishermen sailing from the coast of France in the sixteenth century to the most easterly point in North America, named it for a similar promontory near their home in Bayonne that for long had been called Cape Breton. The island had been known to the red men as "Oonumahghee." Indian names cling to regions in this romantic island, but most of them have been supplanted within the last three centuries by those bestowed by Scotch and French colonists. No one seems to know how the name of the insignificant cape came to be applied to the great island, whose extent is approximately one-fifth that of all Nova Scotia.

The Island of Cape Breton is about 90 miles wide, and extends 110 miles toward the north and east. It is divided from the mainland by the narrow Gut or Strait of Canso. The outstanding feature of the island is the great body of land-locked water called the Bras d'Or Lakes. Originally united by an isthmus half a mile wide, the island comprised two peninsulas of unequal length. The Great and Little "Arms of Gold" have an area of 450 square miles, or one-seventh of the total area of the island. As someone has put it, Cape Breton Island reverses the definition of an island, "inasmuch as it is *land surrounding water.*"

This extraordinary island has not only a remarkable geographical formation but a history of uncommon interest. Following its discovery, attributed to Cabot, few seafarers touched the coast except whalers and fishers of cod. The attempt of a French noble to colonize the country in 1518 met with failure. A hundred years later, when Nova Scotia proper was first settled by the French, Cape Breton was the resort of European fur traders. After the advent of Sir William Alexander in Nova Scotia, Lord Ochiltree purchased a grant of land in the province in the north, "with the intention of seating a colony." But this enterprise, also, came to nothing. When New France was restored to France by Charles I. of England, the forward-looking Frenchman, Nicholas Denys, founded a post at St. Peter's and St. Anne's, in the southern part of the island, for the purpose of bartering with the Indians. Coal mines became an important resource in 1677, and today form the basis of large industrial and commercial interests.

When Louis XIV. signed the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, he surrendered to England all claim to Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and retained only the island of the Bretons, which he renamed, the "Royal Island," *Ile Royale.* Soon Louis the Great ordained that a fort should be raised to defend the outposts of his Canadian possession. On the heights above English Harbor, commanding the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence through Cabot Straits, the massive fortifications of Louisbourg were raised, at a cost of more than ten million dollars. The main fortress covered a space over 100 acres in extent, and was designed, we are told, "on the best system of Vauban and other great masters of engineering skill, who intended it should be, as indeed it was, despite some faulty details of construction, the most complete example of a strongly fortified city in America."

Scarcely were these magnificent defences finished when France and England were again engaged in war. The colonials of New England, restless lest France become too dominating as mistress of the great stronghold in the north, besieged Louisbourg in 1745 and forced the surrender of "the best equipped fortress in North America" under conditions that seemed insurmountable. But Great Britain, disregarding the valor of her American colonies at the signing of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1749, traded conquered Cape Breton for the island of Madras. The French retained their foothold in Canada undisturbed until the spring of 1758, when the French garrison capitulated to Wolfe and Amherst, who assailed the Grand Battery from sea and land. On the fields of Louisbourg, English troops were drilled for the contest whose crowning achievement was the defeat of Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham, and the final conquest of New France by the gallant troops of General Wolfe. Deliberately, with pick and shovel, the English leveled the proud ramparts of the City of Louis.

After a prolonged period of neglect by the British Government, Cape Breton Island was organized as a separate colony. It was finally annexed to the Province of Nova Scotia in 1820—just one hundred years ago.

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TO name all the outdoor pleasure places of Nova Scotia would be to describe a great part of the peninsula and the water-riven island to the north and east of it. The "lay of the land" is responsible for the creation of innumerable nooks and wide-sweeping areas of enchantment. On the edge of every sizable bay sits a settlement, large or small, where summer joys abound. In the interior are dark forest stretches, many of them adorned by island-studded lakes that shine the more brightly for the contrast with woodland shadows. As a holiday ground, the note of Nova Scotia is tranquility and refreshment. This gracious province, stretching out its green arms to the sea, offers few wordly enticements to the visitor, but makes generous proffer of deep-sea and fresh-water diversions, and the recreations of country life, amid thoroughly lovely surroundings, and among a people notably considerate of the stranger's comfort.

A convenient way to enter the realm of Nova Scotia is to take steamer from Boston to Yarmouth. Near this much frequented port of ancient memory are a dozen vacation colonies that brink sandy shore or weather-hewn crags within sight of the swirl of Fundy and the breakers of the Atlantic. On the way to seaside retreats up and down the coast one passes through an idyllic lake country, and fields plotted with beds where the strawberry grows hugely luscious and red. Nearly all the hamlets hereabouts are peopled by Acadians. I have described elsewhere the coast shattered by legions of bights and inlets and showered by a rain of islands extending from modern Acadia to the Scottish Argyles. On either side of the Halifax and Southwestern Railway is an area often composed of more water than land, gemmed by many an alluring white village, brisk with sea winds, and endowed with agreeable resting-places. All the way up to Halifax the coast is indented by deep bays that give space for retreats that have long been in favor with provincials and visitors from across the border—Bridgewater, Lunenburg, Chester, Hubbards—each with its individual beguilements of legend, scenery and amusements.

Yarmouth and Digby, on the Bay of Fundy shore, are linked by the Dominion Atlantic Railway, which continues to Halifax through the apple orchards and the marsh meadows of the Land of Evangeline. Halifax, facing Atlantic-ward, presides over a galaxy of settlements that seek their pleasures on Bedford Basin, North West Arm and the long harbor leading to the sea.

Judge Haliburton, of "Sam Slick" fame, dubbed Digby, "the Brighton of Nova Scotia," at which we can imagine the Brighton of the English coast turning up a supercilious nose. It is true that the premier watering-place of New Scotland makes no pretensions to fashion or extreme gaiety—that it woos the stranger, rather, with promises of pleasant roads that circle bold cliffs and entwine cherry groves and cropped pastures; of midsummer sunshine in abundance, tempered by cool sea breezes; and a variety of pastoral and salt-sea diversions. Several of the Digby inns are well equipped to care for the guests that come from June to September. Between Digby and St. John there is a regular steamer service, by which passengers reach the New Brunswick shore and railway lines extending south to the Maine border.

If you go on from Digby to Annapolis Royal, you will find there one of the most contenting villages in all the province—which is to say in all the world. Like a great many other Nova Scotia towns that make provision for the tourist, Annapolis, the rare, the old, the memoryful, has pleasant stopping places of homely atmosphere. Annapolis is the base for an excursion into the heart of the lower half of the peninsula, which has for its special attraction a labyrinth of lakes, rivers and canoe runs reaching to the Atlantic. The large and very beautiful Lake of the Fairies—"Kedgemakoogee"—35 miles by wagon-road—is unique for its display of islands, about three hundred in number. A modern guest-house and a group of cottages have been erected on a knoll overlooking the water by the Kedgemakoogee Rod and Gun Club, and non-members are received in the vacation season. Here one gets a genuine taste of the Nova Scotia wildwoods, without the informal living conditions of a wildwood camp.

Wolfville and Grand Pré are places of pilgrimage, rather than resorts in the accepted meaning. Redolent as all the countryside is of romance, and superbly sentineled at its outpost by "red-walled Blomidon," the lure of this beloved region is the wistful valley of the Gaspereau and the reach of storied prairie-land on the shore of Minas Basin, where lived Evangeline's people.

Far to the north, in the center of Cape Breton Island, are attractive resorts on "the sea that is within the heart of the land." Nestling amid scenes that recall the Scottish highlands, clinging to headlands frowning on the sea, one comes upon communities that invite the stranger to share the best the land and water afford and the placid satisfactions of a kindly, hospitable race.

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LONGER ago than the mind of Man goes back, the woods and barrens of Nova Scotia were inhabited by vast herds of moose—largest and noblest members of the deer family. As late as 1787, a volume on "The Present State of Nova Scotia" remarked the killing "in one settlement alone" of at least four thousand moose in one winter. And today this "gallant roamer of the woods" still throngs the forest regions. At certain seasons the hunter seeks him there, and, with crafty artifice learned from the Indians, brings down the monarch with his gun. The nuptial period of the moose family is in September and October. At that time the king of the woods is in his prime. His antlers have attained a spread of forty to sixty inches. He stands five and a half feet from hoof to shoulder, and weighs about eight hundred pounds. His great branching horns, shed at the end of each winter, have grown anew and are sharp and firm for the combat; the meeting of rival bulls is a magnificent affray.

Just before dawn the sportsman seeks his quarry. A guide, skilled in the ways of the "still hunter," emits through a horn of birch-bark the wailing call of the cow-moose. If there is a bull within sound of the treacherous horn, he answers, grunting and plunging through the brake to the open, where a murderous volley brings him crashing to the moor. Only the bull moose has antlers; the cow's head is unadorned. Moose flesh is juicy and palatable, and a steak broiled over a camp fire is esteemed a great delicacy by out-of-doors-men.

According to Nova Scotia game laws, only one moose may be shot by one person each season. A hunter may also take one bull caribou and two red deer a season. The moss bogs of Nova Scotia are more easily reached than those of New Brunswick, though the game is somewhat larger and more numerous in the province on the other side of the Bay of Fundy. Halifax County is said to yield more moose per season than any other section of Nova Scotia. But nearly every town of importance is a gateway to the habitat of furred and feathered game, the pursuit of which brings an increasing number of sportsmen to Nova Scotia each year.

Of all the finny tribes that swim New Scotland's waters, trout are the most numerous, tuna are the largest, and salmon the most desired—and the most expensive to catch. If we were to list localities where trout of various kinds rise to the hook and overflow the creel, we should compile a long and tedious dictionary of names. There are, besides, many streams in the trouting country alive with land-locked salmon, pickerel, perch, striped bass and greyling. The mighty tuna fish of California are far outclassed in weight, though not in gaminess, by those of the Nova Scotia coast. Monsters weighing from four to eight hundred pounds are taken from the sea with hook and line of adequate size and strength.

Less is known of the habits of the salmon, sphinx of fishes, than of any denizen of fresh or salt water. The young of the species *Salmo salar* ("the leaper") are called "alevin" at the spawning, then "parrs," then "smolts" at the third or fourth year, when they leave the river for the ocean, then "grilse" on their return, weighing three to six pounds, and, after the fifth year, salmon. The Indians have a theory that the salmon of each river comprise a distinct tribe. It is known that when grilse come up from the deep to spawn in the streams, they invariably return—according to natural laws that only they understand—to the same river in which they themselves were spawned. It is presumed that Canadian salmon remain always on this side of the Atlantic; yet one that was tagged with aluminum and let go in a river emptying into the Gulf of St. Lawrence was caught months later in Norwegian waters. Salmon fishing is best in Nova Scotia from April through most of September. Fish weighing from twenty to forty, or even fifty, pounds are frequently brought in by enthusiastic anglers.

Aside from hunting and fishing, the chief outdoor sports of Nova Scotians and their summer guests have to do with the water—yachting, boating, bathing. The national game of Canada, lacrosse, is an inheritance from the Indians, who in primitive times invented crude rackets and a ball of deerskin stuffed with moss to be used in the game, "ball play." Baseball is superseding lacrosse in Nova Scotia, as elsewhere in Canada, and no Dominion Day (July first) celebration is complete without a game contested according to American league rules.

The national fete of the Nova Scotia French falls on Assumption Day, August fifteenth, and celebrates the convention held in 1880 to consider for the first time since the eviction (1755) the welfare of the Acadians. At the Feast of St. Anne, in July, all the Indians of the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland that can accomplish the journey assemble on the Island of the Holy Family, near the southern shore of Cape Breton Island. During the midsummer "pow-pow," which lasts ten days, families of Micmacs live in birch-bark tepees and subsist on provisions brought hither in small boats. Religious ceremonies, weddings, pantomimes, dances, athletic contests, games of deer-foot, hunt-the-button, wheel-and-stick and hatchet-throwing, occupy the days and nights.

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IN the mellow old town of Windsor, one of the first communities to be settled in Nova Scotia, there was born in 1796 a child who was destined to become the first author of renown in Canada, and, in the phrase of Artemus Ward, "the founder of the American school of Humor." Thomas Haliburton, a graduate of King's College, wrote an "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia" when in his early thirties. By profession a lawyer, he was appointed a Chief Justice of the Provincial Courts, and afterwards sat on the bench of the Supreme Court. Frequently there were haled before Judge Haliburton itinerant Yankee vendors of ill-made wooden clocks, brought to justice by indignant purchasers. In 1835, a series of papers began to appear, unsigned, in the *Nova Scotian*, published in Halifax. No one knew who the author was, but everyone enjoyed the canny comments and racy wit of the lean clock pedlar, "Sam Slick of Slickville, Onion County, Connecticut," with whom the "Squire," riding along the Nova Scotian roads, was supposed to discuss policies and politics, traits and failings, peculiar to the people of the United States and the Province. *The London Illustrated News* pronounced the "Sayings of Sam Slick" "one of the few really original productions of the day." American critics objected that the creation of Judge Haliburton's slangy, cheating braggart would affect European judgment of the "American type"; and so it has to this day.

When the chapters setting forth the opinions of Sam Slick the Clockmaker appeared in book form, and Judge Haliburton was announced as the author, numerous editions were printed in America and England, and other volumes followed, similar in style and content. The creator of Sam Slick, who has been compared as a caricaturist to Dickens and Thackeray, died in England in 1865.

It was Haliburton's history of Nova Scotia that supplied to Longfellow the facts on which the imperishable "Evangeline" was founded. Moreover, the poet received the inspiration for his best-loved poem indirectly from a Mr. and Mrs. Haliburton, connections of Judge Haliburton. They had related to their rector, in Boston, a tale of "a young couple in Acadie," who, on the very day appointed for their marriage, were brusquely parted by Winslow's soldiers, never again to be united until old age, and then under grievous circumstances. Nathaniel Hawthorne heard the story from the Reverend Horace Conolly, who thought a novel might be based upon it. Hawthorne was so impressed with the pathos and reality of the narrative that he asked the clergyman to relate it to his friend Mr. Longfellow, at Craigie House, Cambridge. Longfellow immediately perceived the poetic possibilities of the episode, and, with historical data at hand, began work upon the lines in November, 1845.

Longfellow intended at first to name his heroine "Gabrielle" or "Celestine," but he finally chose the more musical "Evangeline." The "flower of American idyls," published in 1847, idealizes, and, in certain minor instances, is at variance with actual conditions. The "forest primeval" of Nova Scotia was in reality far from the marshlands. The "vast meadows," which the rhythmic lines declare "stretched to the eastward," actually extend toward the north. Longfellow's facility for portraying sentiment, emotion, movement, has its highest exemplification in this dramatic "Tale of Love in Acadie." It remains, and always will remain, the perfect expression of this poet's art.

The original settlement of Grand Pré, from which the inhabitants were driven out, has long since fallen to decay. A row of ancient willows marks its boundary, and, nearby, is the well, where maidens and young men, counterparts of the fictitious "Evangeline" and "Gabriel, son of Basil the blacksmith," were wont to meet and woo.

"Distant, secluded . . . the little village of Grand Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley . . .
Strongly built were the houses . . .
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables projecting
Over the basement below protected and shaded the doorway . . .
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths . . .
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers."

The prose tale of old Acadie most read among the Canadian French is the romance, "Jacques and Ma " by Napoleon Bourassa, an author and artist of wide popularity in his native land.

Charles G. D. Roberts laid his story, "The Forge in the Forest," in the region "where the Five Rivers flow down to meet the swinging of the Minas tides." Bliss Carman, cousin to Mr. Roberts, and, like him, born in the Province of New Brunswick, has written exquisite poems—"Low Tide on Grand Pré," "Above the Gaspereau," "In a Grand Pré Garden," "The Church of the Leaves,"—which sing of

"The broad dikes of Grand Pré
Roamed over by the herds,
And the purple Minas water
Where fish the white seabirds."

Charles Dudley Warner declared Grand Pré to be "the most poetic place in North America." The little volume, "Baddeck, and That Sort of Thing," by Warner, published in 1874, records in sparkling style a tour of Nova Scotia, which included the Bras d'Or Lakes and the remote, beautifully situated Scotch village of Baddeck, on the banks of that far-north mediterranean sea.

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THE OPEN LETTER

To many, Nova Scotia is known as the Land of Evangeline. This is one of the curious things in literature and life. A country or a place comes to be known by the name of a literary work that is not native to the soil, and that was produced by a writer who was a stranger to the country in which the scenes are placed. Why the Land of Evangeline? There never was an Acadian maid by the name of Evangeline, or, at least there never was any Longfellow's Evangeline—and the poet, who tells the beautiful story, never saw Grand Pré—never even set foot in Nova Scotia. The first lines of the poem betray this fact:

> "This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines and the hemlocks."

There are forests in Nova Scotia, but none that might have been called an ancient, primeval forest—at least anywhere near Grand Pré. The meadows that Longfellow pictures as stretching away to the eastward from the village are actually toward the north. But what does all this avail? The readers of Longfellow have their Land of Evangeline, and it is a land of pure, exalted romance. The Nova Scotians have their land of New Scotland, and it is a land of rare, pastoral beauty, abounding in rich orchards, and presenting sturdy rock-fronts to the sea. And they have tides such as roll upon no other shores in the world.

★ ★ ★

When we ask a Nova Scotian for the music and painting of his native land, he may point to the sea and the picturesque coast—the inspiring scenery is there, but, as yet, there is no native art; when we ask him for poetry and romance he may point to the blossoming orchards and rolling meadows, and quote the lines of an American poet who never saw them; when we ask him for prose literature, he may point to Judge Haliburton, who immortalized, not a type of Nova Scotian character, but the Yankee, "Sam Slick"; when we ask him for history, he may recall past events in which the important figures were men of France. When we ask him, however, for natural wonders, he can point to the tides that sweep through the Bay of Fundy—they are essentially Nova Scotian.

★ ★ ★

The amazing tides of Fundy are not produced by special currents flowing into the Bay, but by special natural obstructions that make it difficult for the sea to enter. The "bores" that pour in and out so fast and furious are the result of the efforts of a rude, impetuous sea to force its waters through a channel too narrow for them. The Bay of Fundy has an average breadth of 35 miles, and it extends 180 miles from northeast to southwest. The ocean has to fulfil its tidal obligations throughout that long narrow stretch, coming and going both ways, *on time*. The time schedule must be kept, or there would be cosmic chaos. As a result, there is a rise and fall of nearly 60 feet—a roaring tide that has to be reckoned with seriously by all those that go down to the sea in ships. It is an amazing spectacle of contrasting, wet and dry conditions. At some hours the Bay is a vast, expansive flood; at others the shores are wide stretches of mud flats and contributing rivulets, completely dry. Twice a day, immense neutral shores, which are neither land nor sea, change into deep gulfs; and ships that had been stranded for hours, rise and float, with sails spread, while towns that had been lost for a time in the interior of the land, find themselves situated on peninsulas invested by the sea.

W. B. Moffat

EDITOR

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